

Mirage by Miragewords

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Summary: This is Finns story he goes on a emotional roller coaster just to find who he really is. With the help of friends he might actually pull it off.

Mirage

Finns pov

I looked down at my shaking hands and tried to hold them steady. The tears stung and pricked my eyes begging to be released. I try to talk to speak but stumble over my own tongue, my head pounds leaving an unforgivable headache tearing apart my thoughts. What was wrong with me? I was literally fine two seconds ago. I hit the wall out of anger and hiss in pain as the numbness takes over. "Why? Why me?" I whisper and slump into a ball letting sleep take over me.

When I wake up again the sun peeks through the blinds, the birds sing and several cars drive by. That was the part that always seemed to amaze me, even when it felt like my world ended the rest continued on. Cleaning their perfectly shining halos while I wipe my horns off with a dirty rag, saying one day I will have a halo just like them.

Even though it will never happen because I was honestly and truly a monster who had done horrid things. The sun didn't shine for me, it didn't provide me with happy memories. I hated the sun because it reminded me of everything good that I couldn't be or have. I was the darkness with no stars, no light, and no hope. And not even I could save me from the evil grasp that had a hold on my throat for starters I didn't even know how. How could I? I have been this way for as long as I could remember, even though I am youthful... I felt older, like I brittle bones and a brain full of wisdom.

"Finn I already told you to pick up your room, come on!" my mom yelled from the hallway and continues "Sweetie, you will not achieve much if you continue on like this. You can't expect the world to bow at your feet" I sit up and run to hug my mom but I am too late and she vanishes from sight. Just like she did when she left me alone in the cold world, If she could see me now I fear she would be ashamed of the person I have become.

I rub my pounding head and get up heading into the bathroom, reaching into the cupboard I pull out some headache medicine and take two pills. Looking at my reflection in the mirror and sighing my

messy curly hair sticking in different directions. Dark brown eyes matching my hair reflecting back at themselves, reminding me just how lonely I was.

'I don't even know why you bother to be something you are not, you will never be anything different' the voice rings in my head.

'You can't escape the person you have created for yourself. And you can't change the past but you can learn from it and create a different ending for yourself, you can change' another voice takes it spot.

Even the voices don't fully agree with each other. Unfortunately to pay for my wrongdoings I needed to cause myself physical pain as part of a deal I had made. Breathing deeply I knew the time had come so I made a half inch cut on my arm every time IT happened, as a permanent reminder of what pain and vice could do a person. The initial sting of the knife didn't bother me as much as the knowledge I couldn't stop. Evil, like cream always rises to the top. So I guess I had found my answer, evil would be a part of me as long as I had lived whether I liked it or not. Pulling out a bandaid I put it on my arm and leave the bathroom as ready as I'll ever be to face the day.

I pick up a clean black tee shirt from the floor and put it on along with a pair of jeans. Going downstairs I pull out a loaf of bread and pop two pieces into the toaster, then I start brewing some coffee. Looking outside as I plop down onto a bar stool chair I stare blankly at the barely blue sky dotted with some clouds. I rest my head on my hand and drift off...

All you had was show up! Maybe if you weren't late she would still be here. Was what I said to you not important enough to make it on your agenda? Is that it? Or is it some other totally selfish reason? You were always that way, you know... caring more about yourself than anyone else.

The toast pops up taking me from my thoughts and I jump, reaching up I and wipe the wetness off my cheeks astonished. I didn't even realize I was crying, collecting myself I grab the toast and pull out a stick of butter and cut two neat squares off of it and spread it evenly over my toast.

I sink my teeth into the toast letting the butter melt and spread over my tongue, I chew slowly enjoying the little piece in my mouth. It reminded me of when my mom would be running late so she would make me toast before school, not too crunchy and not too soft just the way I liked it. She would attempt to make a smiley face on it with butter but it always melted making it look mushy where the butter was. I loved her for trying and I would tell her 'It's ok mom everything should not be based on it looks but what it has inside and how it makes you feel. Just like this toast in my mouth mmm feels good' She would just smile and kiss my forehead before leaving. Those were the days I had felt most alive what I would do to get a one moment back with my mom. To have her hold me close in her arms and tell me everything is going to be alright. I know I can make it in this world without her but can you tell me why it feels like my heart is being ripped out and stomped on repeatedly every time I do something. It's like I have no oxygen and everyone one else can breathe fine. It's not being able to find your way no matter what path you take. It's the feeling of loneliness surrounded by millions of people. I don't know why but everything reminds me of her! Everything....

Am I being what some would call pathetic? I am not sure anymore. What have I become? Lost and not found. I didn't know who I was anymore or what I had let myself become.

I finish up my toast with the thought of mom still fresh in my mind.